MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 73 JUNE

10¢

CITY ALARMED BY KILLING WEREWOLF LOOSE IN CITY...

WEREWOLF CAPTURED

DAILY WEREWOLF LOOSE POLICE BAFFLED

TORCH AND TORO CALLED

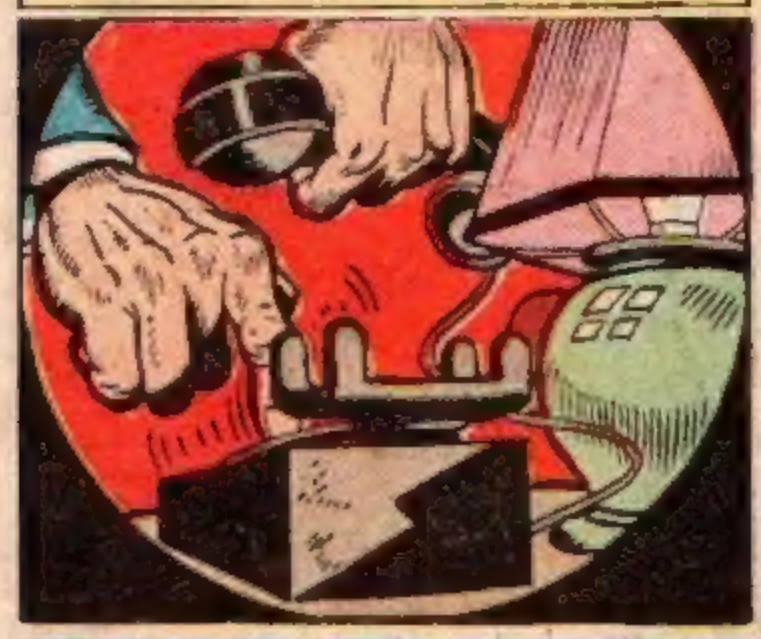
THE HUMAN TORCH

LIKE A SLAVE-DRIVER OF OLD, DANNY GROGAN CRACKED THE WHIP OVER WESTPORT.' AND THE CITY DANCED TO IT S TUNE.' HONEST MEN CRINGED FROM THE LASH' AS THE UNDERWORLD WENT ON A BLOODY CARNIVAL OF CRIME.' BEHIND DANNY WAS SOMEONE BIGGER AND EVEN MORE RUTHLESS.' FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE DARING **HUMAN TORCH** AND **TORO** AS THEY ARE CALLED IN TO CLEAN UP THESE CONDITIONS AND PIT THEIR FLAMING STRENGTH AND COURAGE AGAINST THE --

"KILLER BOSS of WESTPORT"

AT THE HOME OF JUDGE LANDERS IN A SMALL SOUTHERN CITY, FIVE MEN SIT DOWN TO DISCUSS A GRIM AFFAIR!
WELL, GENTLEMEN! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? LEONE WAS GUILTY AS SIN AND WE KNOW IT!
WHAT CAN WE DO? DAN GROGAN'S GOT THE TOWN SEWED UP! WHEN ONE OF HIS GANG GETS IN TROUBLE, HE BUYS THE COPS OR INTIMIDATES THE JURY!
WESTPORT TIMES
SLAYERS RELEASED!
WE CAN'T TRUST THE COPS! BUT WE CAN TRUST OURSELVES! GET THE TOWNSPEOPLE BEHIND US TO SMASH THE GANG!
THAT'S MY IDEA! FIGHT THESE THUGS WITH THEIR OWN WEAPONS!
WE'LL EXPOSE DAN GROGAN AND SMASH HIS GANG! MAKE HIS NAME A HOUSEHOLD CURSE!
HOW?
THROUGH THE HEADLINES AND EDITORIAL PAGE OF YOUR PAPER, THE WESTPORT TIMES! HOW ABOUT IT? ARE YOU WITH US, JEFF GRAVIS?
YES! I AM SICK OF THIS CORRUPTION! WE'LL USE MY OFFICE AS A HEADQUARTERS! LET'S HAVE A DRINK!
TO THE DEATH OF CRIME AND TO THE REBIRTH OF A NEW AND CLEANER WESTPORT!
GOODNIGHT, GENTLEMEN! TOMORROW AT TEN IN JEFF'S OFFICE!
RIGHT! WE'LL BE THERE!
WE'LL PLAN OUR CAMPAIGN!

BUT LATER THAT SAME EVENING, A CERTAIN NUMBER IS DIALED /



AND A TELEPHONE RINGS IN THE APARTMENT OF DANNY GROGAN, BIG SHOT RACKETEER OF THE TOWN OF WESTPORT /

GET THIS. / JUDGE LANDERS IS HEADING A GROUP TO CRACK DOWN ON US. / THEY MEAN BUSINESS. / THE JUDGE IS THE REAL DANGER. / WITHOUT HIM THE OTHERS WILL FOLD. / GET RID OF HIM /

STILL LATER, A FIGURE SCUTTLES ACROSS THE JUDGE'S LAWN /// A MATCH FLARES, TOUCHES A FUSE IN A PACKAGE AGAINST THE HOUSE /

AND NEXT MORNING AT TEN, IN THE OFFICE OF EDITOR JEFF GRAVIS!
JUDGE LANDERS ..DEAD! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE! GROGAN STRUCK SWIFTLY!
YEAH! WITHOUT THE JUDGE, WE'RE LICKED! HE WAS THE PERSON THAT MADE OUR WHOLE SCHEME POSSIBLE!
WE CAN'T QUIT NOW!
GROVER'S RIGHT! WE HAVE GOT TO CARRY ON! WE'VE GOT TO AVENGE THE JUDGE!
HOW? YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO LANDERS! GROGAN'LL GET US, TOO!
WAIT! I KNOW OF SOMEONE WHO CAN TAKE GROGAN! IT'S THE TORCH! WE'LL CONTACT HIM AT ONCE!
MANY HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY, A TELEPHONE RINGS IN A NEW YORK APARTMENT!
WHAT IS IT, TORO?
FOR YOU, TORCH! LONG DISTANCE FROM WESTPORT!
TORCH LISTENS, THEN!
BOMB, HUH? AND YOUR LOCAL LAW IS TIED UP WITH THIS KILLER? YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT! YES! WE'LL TAKE THE CASE! G'BYE!
ACTION?
YES! WE'LL BE GETTING ALONG!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME!
THE PAIR FLAMES!
LET'S HAVE IT!
AN OLD STORY, LAD! POLITICIANS AND THE LOCAL LAW WORKING WITH GANGSTERS TO RUN THE CITY!
4

WHO THOUGHT OF US?

CIVIC LEAGUE./ ONE OF ITS MEMBERS WAS KILLED BY A TIME-BOMB LAST NIGHT. LOOKS LIKE A TOUGH AND DANGEROUS CASE./

ARE WE MEETING THIS CIVIC LEAGUE?

YES! AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN THE WESTPORT TIMES BUILDING./

SOMETIME LATER, HAVING ARRIVED AT THEIR DESTINATION./

-AND THAT'S THE STORY, TORCH./ THIS GROGAN IS TOUGH AND RUTHLESS./ BUT HE'S GOT ONE WEAK SPOT./

WHAT'S THAT?

TONY LAMP, ONE OF HIS LIEUTENANTS./ HE'S WEAK AND COWARDLY./ A FEW POINTED QUESTIONS RIGHTLY PUT MIGHT BREAK HIM DOWN./

I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING OF THIS./ HOW'D YOU KNOW OF IT?

THE JUDGE AND I HAVE HAD TONY SPOTTED FOR SOME TIME./ HE MEANT TO SPEAK OF IT TODAY./ NOW, OF COURSE... HE'S DEAD./

I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON TONY./

HERE'S THE PROOF ON TONIGHT'S EDITION, BOSS./

OKAY, JOE./ LAY IT ON THE DESK./

COULD YOU RECOMMEND A GOOD HOTEL?

WESTPORT TIMES

I SUGGEST THE ROYAL ARMS./

THE ROYAL ARMS IT IS./ LET'S GO, TORO./

LATER, AT THE HOTEL, AS THE PAIR PREPARES TO RETIRE...
WHAT D'YOU MAKE OF IT, TORCH?
NOW, WHO THE DICKENS IS THAT AT THIS HOUR?
TORCH? TONY LAMP. YOU WANT GROGAN --- RIGHT? I C'N TELL YA HOW TO GET HIM ... YOU WILLIN' TO MAKE A DEAL?
KEEP TALKING.
23 ANN STREET. I'LL BE WAITIN'--
HUNG UP ON ME. C'MON, KID.
FLAMING...
WHO WAS IT?
TONY LAMP GROGAN'S WEAK SPOT. HE WANTS TO TALK--FOR A PRICE.
NEWS TRAVELS FAST IN THIS TOWN. HOW'D HE KNOW WHERE WE WERE?
I'M WONDERING THAT MYSELF. THEY MUST HAVE A GOOD SPY SYSTEM. ANOTHER THING--WHY SHOULD TONY WANT TO TALK?
COULD BE HE IS SCARED AND IS LOOKING FOR AN OUT.
COULD BE. BUT THEN AGAIN HE MIGHT HAVE SOME OTHER PLAN.
6

MINUTES LATER--23 ANN STREET/

THIS IS THE PLACE./

FLAME OUT./ WE'RE GOING IN./ BUT BE CAREFUL./ IT MAY BE A TRAP./

CAUTIOUSLY OPENING THE FRONT DOOR, THEY ENTER--

THE DOOR'S OPEN./

TONY IS A VERY CARELESS PERSON FOR A MAN WHO MUST HAVE ENEMIES./

STEPPING SOFTLY THROUGH THE ARCH TO SEE--

THAT MUST BE HIM AT THE DESK./ HE SEEMS TO BE ASLEEP./

THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SLEEP TO ME./ LOOKS MORE LIKE--

HE'S DEAD./ SOMEONE BEAT US TO IT./ BODY'S STILL WARM, TOO./ C'MON./ MAYBE HIS KILLERS ARE STILL HERE./ WE'LL SEARCH THE HOUSE.

SAY./ D'YOU SEE A CLOCK ON THAT DESK?

CLOCK? NO./ I DIDN'T NOTICE ANY. WHY?

THAT'S FUNNY./ I COULD SWEAR I HEARD A CLOCK TICKING NEXT TO THAT PACKAGE BY HIS HEAD./

YOU MUST BE-- CLOCK--PACKAGE-- *GOOD LORD./ --- WHAT A FOOL.!!! RUN, TORO.!!!!*

BEFORE THEY CAN MOVE, THE MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE--

BOOM!

AS THE SOUND OF THE BLAST DIES AWAY, A HEAP OF RUBBLE IN ONE CORNER OF THE HALL---STIRS!

2 WHEW! SOMEONE MEANT US TO BE CAUGHT IN THAT BLAST! A NEAT TRAP, SET BY SOMEONE WHO KNOWS OUR EVERY MOVE! AND THAT SOMEONE KILLED TONY AND POSED HIM TO DRAW US INTO IT!

3 HOW D'YOU FIGURE THAT? TONY'S BODY WAS WARM, BUT HE WAS DEAD LONGER THAN THE TIME IT TOOK US TO GET OVER HERE! NOW, WHO KNEW OF TONY? AND WHO KNEW WHERE WE WERE STAYING?

4 ONLY THE CIVIC LEAGUE! RIGHT! AND SOMEONE BIGGER THAN GROGAN'S BEHIND THIS! AND THAT SOMEONE MUST BE A MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE!

5 BUT WHO? ALL FOUR KNEW ABOUT TONY AND OUR HOTEL! THAT'S WHAT WE'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT! WHERE DID YOU FIND THAT PAPER?

6 OH! I PICKED IT UP OFF THE DESK! FORGOT I EVEN HAD IT! WHY?

WESTPORT TIMES
NO CLUES TO JUDGE LANDERS' MURDER!
GALLEY PROOF

'CAUSE THIS PAPER IS THE NOOSE THAT'S GOING TO HANG A KILLER! LET'S GO!

WHERE TO?

GROGAN'S HEADQUARTERS.' WE'RE GOING TO WIND THIS CASE UP TONIGHT.' BUT FIRST, A TELE-PHONE CALL.'

COMPLETING HIS TELEPHONE CALL.

WHO'D YOU TALK TO, TORCH?

NEVER MIND.' BUT IF MY PLAN WORKS, WE'LL HAVE MR GROGAN AND THE MAN BE-HIND HIM BY MORNING.'

GROGAN ALSO GETS A CALL.

YOU ARE RECEIVING A VISITOR -- ***THE TORCH.'*** ELIMINATE HIM.'

SURE. I'LL CALL YOU BACK.'

WHAT'D THE BOSS WANT?

THE TORCH KNOWS SOME-THING AND HE'S ON HIS WAY OVER HERE.' **HE HAS *TO DIE.'***

WE'LL USE ONE OF NITRO'S BOMBS.' WE'LL SET IT ON THE WALK LEADING TO THE BACK DOOR AND BLACK-OUT THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE.' WHEN THEY SEE THE WINDOWS IN THE BACK ALL LIGHTED UP --

MOMENTS LATER, THE TRAP IS ALL SET UP.'

WHEN THEY COME ALONG THIS PATH, THEIR FEET WILL HIT THIS WIRE AND SET THE BOMB OFF.' AND IT WILL BE ALL OVER.'

FLAMING OVERHEAD, TORCH AND TORO APPROACH THE HIDEOUT.'

THIS IS IT, KID.' DOWN WE GO.'

C'MON, TORCH! HERE'S A PATH LEADING TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE!
NOT SO FAST! I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING FIRST!
A BOMB! TORCH! HOW DID YOU KNOW?
I'LL TELL YOU LATER! FLAME UP! WE ARE GOING IN THE FRONT DOOR!
FLAMING UP THE PAIR GOES THROUGH THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE!
WATCHING FOR SOMEONE, GROGAN?
TORCH! I THOUGHT YOU--
--WOULD WALK INTO YOUR TRAP? NOT TODAY! YOU'RE THROUGH!
YOU FLAMING FLAT-FOOT! I'VE BEEN BOSS HERE TOO LONG TO QUIT NOW! AT 'EM, GANG!
BROTHER! ARE YOU ASKING FOR IT? LET'S GO, TORCH!

TORCH & TORO
SMASH INTO THE MOB!

ZOWIE!

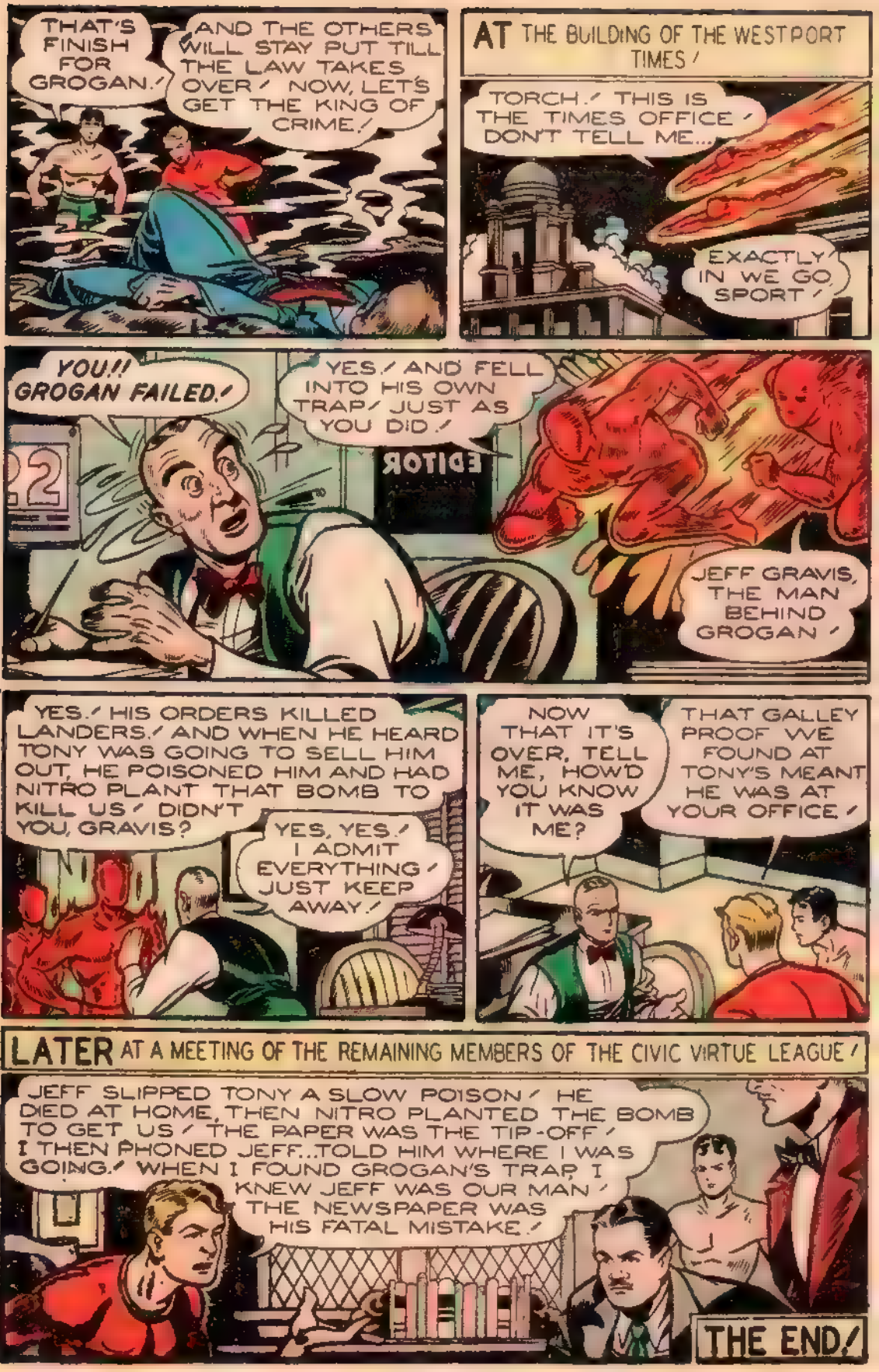
WITH THE FIGHT TAKEN OUT OF HIM, GROGAN RUNS...

LET ME OUT! I GOTTA GET OUT!

INTO HIS OWN TRAP, RECEIVING THE FATE HE PLANNED FOR OTHERS!

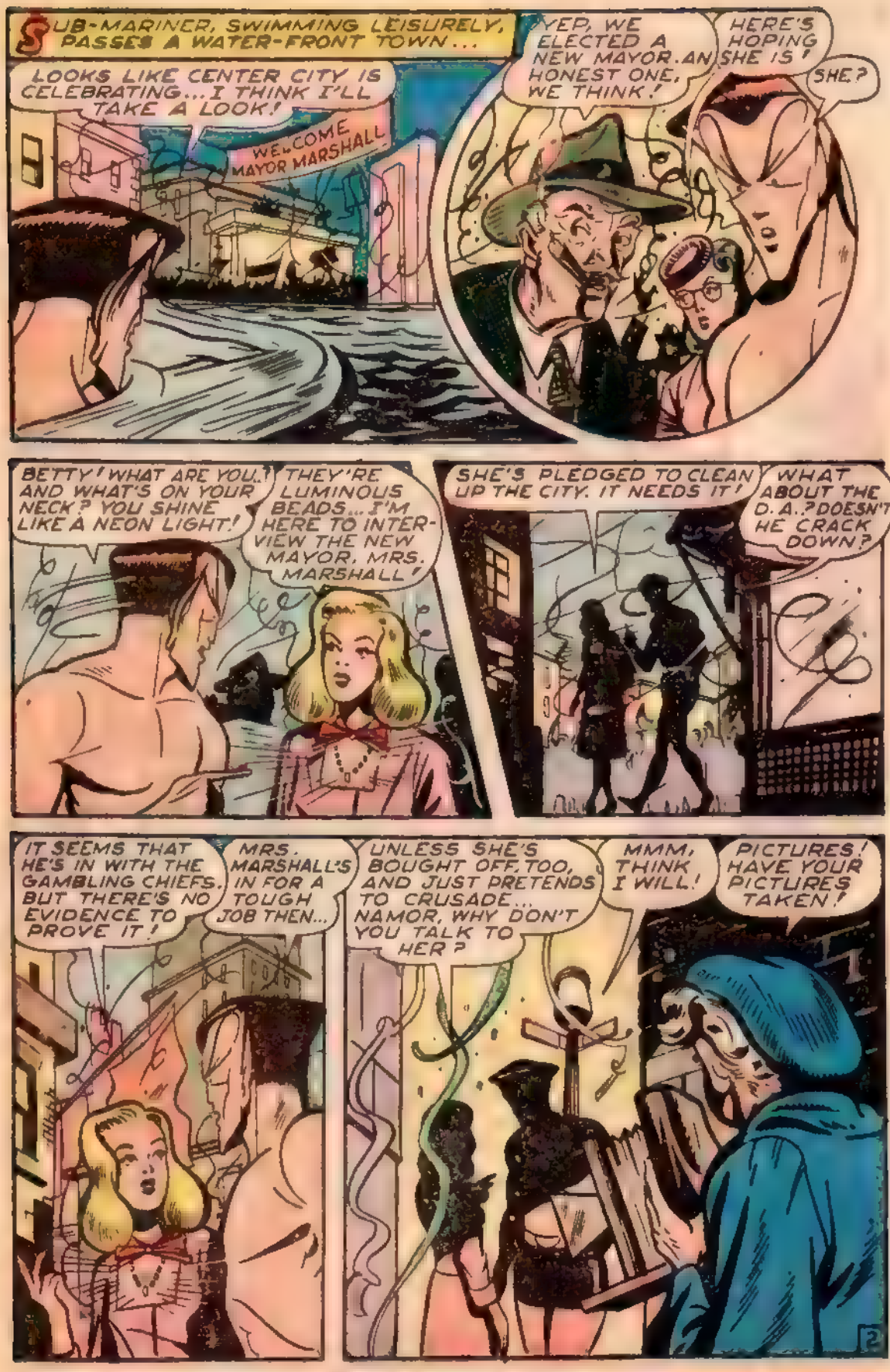
GREAT GUNS! HE'S HEADING FOR--

BOOM!


THAT'S FINISH FOR GROGAN.!
AND THE OTHERS WILL STAY PUT TILL THE LAW TAKES OVER! NOW, LET'S GET THE KING OF CRIME!
AT THE BUILDING OF THE WESTPORT TIMES!
TORCH.! THIS IS THE TIMES OFFICE! DON'T TELL ME...
EXACTLY! IN WE GO, SPORT!
YOU!! GROGAN FAILED.!
YES.! AND FELL INTO HIS OWN TRAP! JUST AS YOU DID.!
EDITOR
22
JEFF GRAVIS, THE MAN BEHIND GROGAN!
YES.! HIS ORDERS KILLED LANDERS.! AND WHEN HE HEARD TONY WAS GOING TO SELL HIM OUT, HE POISONED HIM AND HAD NITRO PLANT THAT BOMB TO KILL US! DIDN'T YOU, GRAVIS?
YES, YES.! I ADMIT EVERYTHING! JUST KEEP AWAY.!
NOW THAT IT'S OVER, TELL ME, HOW'D YOU KNOW IT WAS ME?
THAT GALLEY PROOF WE FOUND AT TONY'S MEANT HE WAS AT YOUR OFFICE!
LATER AT A MEETING OF THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE CIVIC VIRTUE LEAGUE!
JEFF SLIPPED TONY A SLOW POISON! HE DIED AT HOME, THEN NITRO PLANTED THE BOMB TO GET US! THE PAPER WAS THE TIP-OFF! I THEN PHONED JEFF...TOLD HIM WHERE I WAS GOING.! WHEN I FOUND GROGAN'S TRAP, I KNEW JEFF WAS OUR MAN! THE NEWSPAPER WAS HIS FATAL MISTAKE.!
THE END!

SUB-MARINER

A MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION... A TELL-TALE PICTURE FOR WHICH MEN ARE READY TO KILL OR BE KILLED... A RUTHLESS RING OF CORRUPTION TIGHTENING ITS DEATH-GRIP ON A CITY! JUSTICE IS HELPLESS, UNTIL THE DARING **SUB-MARINER** GIVES HER A HAND, AND PITS HIMSELF INTO A MAD MAELSTROM OF MURDER TO SMASH THE CASE OF THE "POLITICIANS' PLUNDER!"


SUB-MARINER, SWIMMING LEISURELY, PASSES A WATER-FRONT TOWN...
LOOKS LIKE CENTER CITY IS CELEBRATING... I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK!
WELCOME MAYOR MARSHALL
YEP, WE ELECTED A NEW MAYOR. AN HONEST ONE, WE THINK!
HERE'S HOPING SHE IS!
SHE?
BETTY! WHAT ARE YOU...? AND WHAT'S ON YOUR NECK? YOU SHINE LIKE A NEON LIGHT!
THEY'RE LUMINOUS BEADS... I'M HERE TO INTERVIEW THE NEW MAYOR, MRS. MARSHALL!
SHE'S PLEDGED TO CLEAN UP THE CITY. IT NEEDS IT!
WHAT ABOUT THE D.A.? DOESN'T HE CRACK DOWN?
IT SEEMS THAT HE'S IN WITH THE GAMBLING CHIEFS. BUT THERE'S NO EVIDENCE TO PROVE IT!
MRS. MARSHALL'S IN FOR A TOUGH JOB THEN...
UNLESS SHE'S BOUGHT OFF, TOO, AND JUST PRETENDS TO CRUSADE... NAMOR, WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO HER?
MMM, THINK I WILL!
PICTURES! HAVE YOUR PICTURES TAKEN!

AHA, LOVE BIRDS. LET ME, RAYMONDE, THE ROVING PHOTOGRAPHER, TAKE YOUR PICTURE. ONLY 50 CENTS, NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR MY SPECIAL BACKDROP!

YOU SEE! NOW HOLD HANDS AND SMILE!

HOW CUTE!

UH, SORRY, RAYMONDE. I'M ALLERGIC TO CAMERAS. THEY MAKE ME SNEEZE!

AH THEN, I SHALL FIND OTHER CUSTOMERS... AND WHEN I DON'T, OFTEN I TAKE PICTURES FOR MY OWN AMUSEMENT!

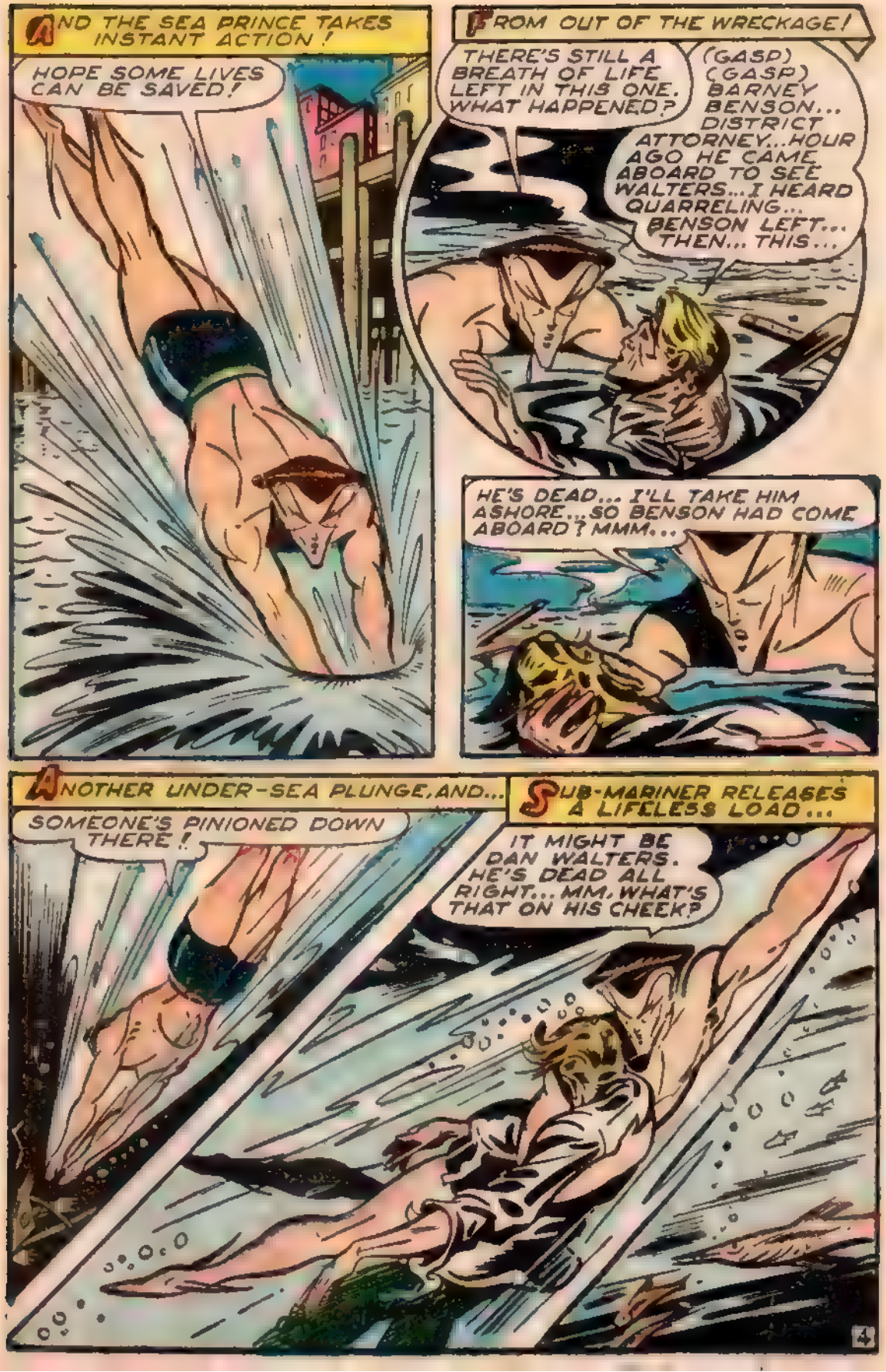
LOOK... THERE'S A PICTURE WORTH TAKING!

IT IS OWNED BY THE MILLIONAIRE, MR. DAN WALTERS... ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, I TOOK A MARVELOUS FOCAL SHOT THAT SHOWED 2 MEN LEAVING THE YACHT IN A MOTORBOAT!

SOMETHING'S WRONG THERE!

A SCANT SECOND LATER...

BOOM!!


AND THE SEA PRINCE TAKES INSTANT ACTION!
HOPE SOME LIVES CAN BE SAVED!
FROM OUT OF THE WRECKAGE!
THERE'S STILL A BREATH OF LIFE LEFT IN THIS ONE. WHAT HAPPENED?
(GASP) (GASP) BARNEY BENSON... DISTRICT ATTORNEY...HOUR AGO HE CAME ABOARD TO SEE WALTERS...I HEARD QUARRELING... BENSON LEFT... THEN... THIS...
HE'S DEAD... I'LL TAKE HIM ASHORE...SO BENSON HAD COME ABOARD? MMM...
ANOTHER UNDER-SEA PLUNGE, AND...
SUB-MARINER RELEASES A LIFELESS LOAD...
SOMEONE'S PINIONED DOWN THERE!
IT MIGHT BE DAN WALTERS. HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT... MM, WHAT'S THAT ON HIS CHEEK?
4

MMM... A FRESH JAGGED, TRIANGULAR CUT... I STILL WANT TO KNOW HOW THAT EXPLOSION BEGAN!

THE KEEN-EYED CRIME-FIGHTER SOON FINDS HIS ANSWER!

FRAGMENTS OF A TIME-BOMB...SO THE EXPLOSION WAS DELIBERATE MURDER! THAT MEANS SOMEONE WHO CAME ABOARD!

LATER!

I TALKED TO THE REPORTERS. THEY'VE LONG SUSPECTED THAT WALTERS WAS THE CHIEF OF GAMBLING AND BIGGEST RACKETEER IN TOWN!

THEN BENSON'S VISIT TO HIS YACHT SHOWS A DEFINITE TIE-UP!

BUT WE'VE NO PROOF OF A TIE-UP!

WHAT ABOUT THAT PICTURE RAYMONDE TOOK OF 2 MEN LEAVING THE YACHT? ONE MUST HAVE BEEN BENSON. THAT'LL BE OUR EVIDENCE. LET'S FIND RAYMONDE!

DRUGS

WE'VE HUNTED ALL OVER, AND... NAMOR, LOOK!

HIS STUDIO! WE'RE IN LUCK!

RAYMONDE PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO

INSIDE...

I CAME BACK PRECISELY TO DEVELOP THE FILM...BUT THE WORK WILL TAKE 45 MINUTES!

WE MUST HAVE THAT PICTURE... DID YOU RECOGNIZE EITHER OF THE MEN LEAVING THE YACHT?

BUT YES. I SAW THAT ONE WAS MR. BENSON, OUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY...
THAT SETTLES IT! I'M GOING TO HIS OFFICE TO QUESTION HIM, WHILE YOU PREPARE THE EVIDENCE... BETTY, STAY WITH RAYMONDE!
THE POWERHOUSE PRINCE HASTENS AWAY—UNAWARE OF SPYING, FERRET EYES!
THERE GOES THE INTERFERENCE. NOW THE TRACK'S CLEAR TO GET THE PICTURE!
COME ON!
WE MUST HAVE DARKNESS. THOSE BEADS ARE LIKE ELECTRIC LIGHTS. TAKE THEM OFF, PLEASE!
SURE, I'LL PUT THEM IN MY POCKET!
A MOMENT LATER!
WE'LL TAKE THAT FILM!
AND THIS GUN SAYS YOU TWO ARE COMING WITH US! WE GOT A LAUNCH WAITING!
WHILE IN SWIFT TIME, NAMOR REACHES THE D. A.'S OFFICE...
NO ONE HERE... I'LL LOOK AROUND... MAYBE COME ACROSS SOME INFORMATION ON HOW HE WORKS!
AS NAMOR LEAFS THROUGH THE FILES.
YOU!
6

A SPLIT SECOND, AND THE SEA PRINCE WHIRLS ABOUT!

LUCKY I MOVED IN TIME! YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH GUNS!

BENSON, WHAT'S HAPPENING?

MAYOR MARSHALL, THIS MAN SUB-MARINER WAS RIFLING MY OFFICE... I CHARGE HIM WITH ATTEMPTED BURGLARY!

I CHARGE YOU WITH THE DEATH OF DAN WALTERS, THE RACKETEER WHO WAS PAYING OFF TO YOU, BENSON!

A PACK OF LIES! I NEVER KNEW WALTERS! I'M PUTTING YOU UNDER ARREST!

NOT SO FAST! I CAN PROVE MY CHARGE AGAINST YOU, WITH A PICTURE!

VERY WELL, SUB-MARINER. WE'LL GIVE YOU THAT ONE CHANCE!

MRS. MARSHALL, BENSON, AND HIS AIDES ARE LED TO THE STUDIO, BUT...

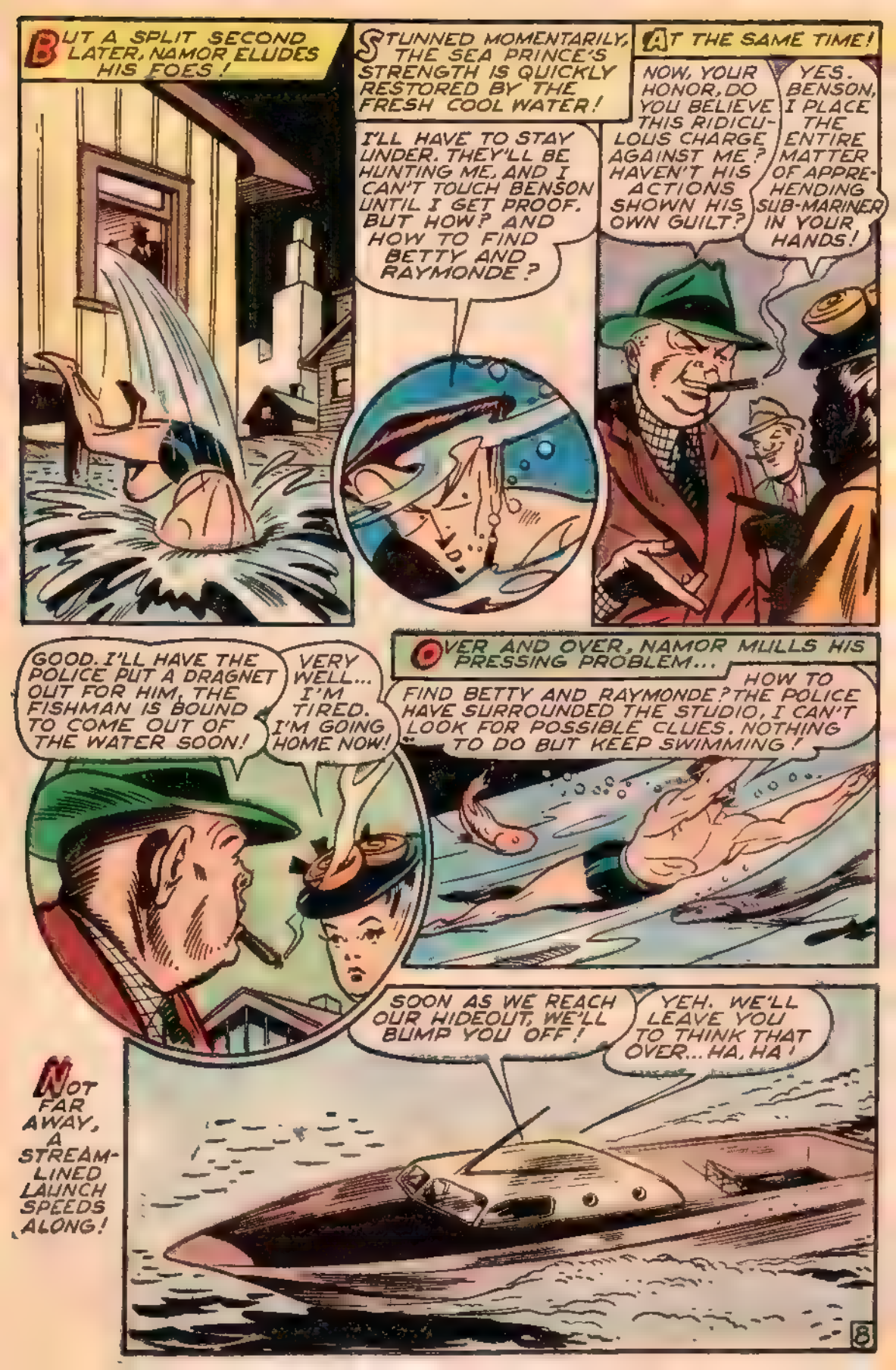
THIS IS THE... HUH? NO-ONE'S HERE!

NATURALLY NOT! AND NOW YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

HE'S MAKING A BREAK!

HE WON'T GET FAR!

HE'S SLIPPING OUT THE WINDOW... GRAB HIM!


BUT A SPLIT SECOND LATER, NAMOR ELUDES HIS FOES!
STUNNED MOMENTARILY, THE SEA PRINCE'S STRENGTH IS QUICKLY RESTORED BY THE FRESH COOL WATER!
I'LL HAVE TO STAY UNDER. THEY'LL BE HUNTING ME, AND I CAN'T TOUCH BENSON UNTIL I GET PROOF. BUT HOW? AND HOW TO FIND BETTY AND RAYMONDE?
AT THE SAME TIME!
NOW, YOUR HONOR, DO YOU BELIEVE THIS RIDICULOUS CHARGE AGAINST ME? HAVEN'T HIS ACTIONS SHOWN HIS OWN GUILT?
YES. BENSON, I PLACE THE ENTIRE MATTER OF APPREHENDING SUB-MARINER IN YOUR HANDS!
OVER AND OVER, NAMOR MULLS HIS PRESSING PROBLEM...
HOW TO FIND BETTY AND RAYMONDE? THE POLICE HAVE SURROUNDED THE STUDIO, I CAN'T LOOK FOR POSSIBLE CLUES. NOTHING TO DO BUT KEEP SWIMMING!
GOOD. I'LL HAVE THE POLICE PUT A DRAGNET OUT FOR HIM. THE FISHMAN IS BOUND TO COME OUT OF THE WATER SOON!
VERY WELL... I'M TIRED. I'M GOING HOME NOW!
NOT FAR AWAY, A STREAMLINED LAUNCH SPEEDS ALONG!
SOON AS WE REACH OUR HIDEOUT, WE'LL BUMP YOU OFF!
YEH. WE'LL LEAVE YOU TO THINK THAT OVER... HA, HA!
8

MY ONLY HOPE IS SUB-MARINER... I'M SURE HE'S LOOKING FOR US BY NOW IF I CAN ONLY GIVE HIM SOME CLUE...

SUDDENLY BETTY'S FINGERS TOUCH HER POCKET...

I CAN OPEN THAT PORT-HOLE... GOLLY, IF THIS WORKS!

MINUTES PASS, AND SUB-MARINER REACHES A POINT OF DESPERATION!

CAN'T KEEP ON LIKE THIS... I'VE GOT TO VENTURE BACK TO THE STUDIO, COME WHAT... MMM, WHAT'S THAT?

BOUNCING BLUEFISH! A BEAD! ONE OF BETTY'S LUMINOUS BEADS! AND THERE'S ANOTHER! SHE MUST HAVE LEFT A DELIBERATE TRAIL!

MEANWHILE, OFF A SHORE, IN THE CRIMESTERS' HIDEOUT!

ABOUT TIME YOU BOYS ARRIVED!

WHO'S THAT?

THE CHIEF!

I HURRIED OVER ON THE SHORT CUT. NOW, LISTEN. THOSE FILING CABINETS CONTAIN ALL THE RECORDS OF MY DEALINGS WITH WALTERS... DESTROY THEM COMPLETELY!

IF SUB-MARINER ONLY KNEW!

FIRST, DON'CHA WANT US TO BUMP OFF THESE TWO?
GO AHEAD! IT WON'T TAKE MORE THAN A MINUTE...
AT THAT MOMENT-OUTSIDE
THE TRAIL STOPS HERE. THEY MUST BE PRISONERS IN THIS SHACK... NOW, TO HAND OUT A SURPRISE!
A MAN-MADE CAVEIN — AS THE MIGHTY MUSCLED NAMOR SMASHES INTO THE SHACK WITH TORNADO SPEED!
HEY!
IT'S THE FISH... UGH!
WE'LL STOP HIM!
BUT...
THESE RECORDS WASH YOU UP
FINE, SUB-MARINER VERY FINE!
10

A SURPRISE ARRIVAL!

I NEVER DOUBTED YOU, SUBMARINER. AS SOON AS BENSON LEFT ME, I HAD HIM FOLLOWED!

THESE RECORDS PROVE THAT BENSON AND HIS BOYS RECEIVED PLENTY OF GRAFT MONEY FROM WALTERS... THEY'LL ALSO STAND TRIAL FOR WALTERS' MURDER!

NO! NOT MURDER! I SWEAR IT!

I'M GETTING OUT!

OH, NO, YOU'RE NOT!

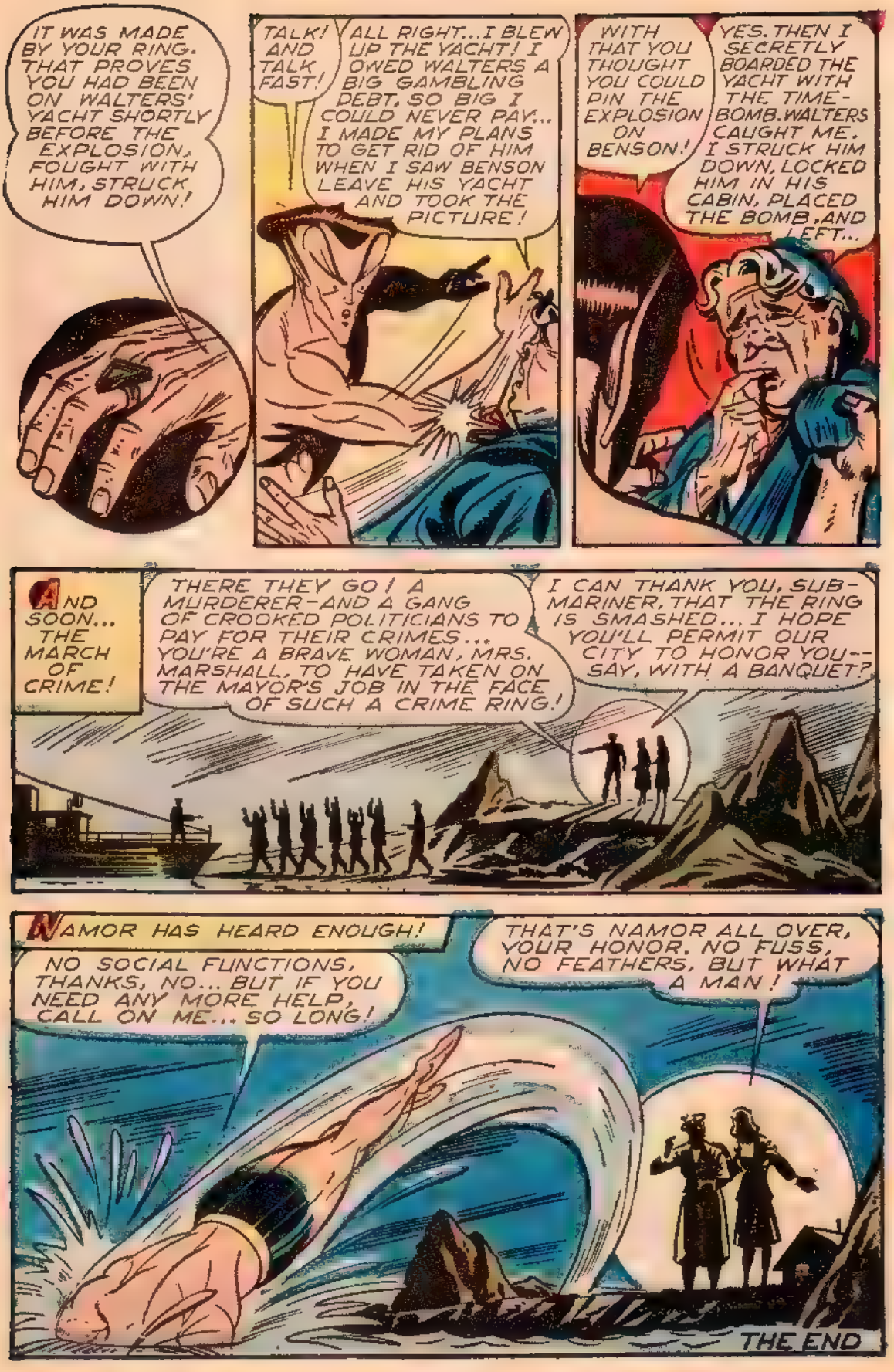
NICE GOING, RAYMONDE!

SWELL GOING, RAYMONDE... OFFICER, HANDCUFF BENSON - AND ALSO HANDCUFF...

..RAYMONDE! NOW I KNOW YOU WERE NOT AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER IN THE MURDER OF WALTERS!

I WAS NEVER NEAR HIM!

THIS CUT YOU GAVE BENSON WHEN YOU STRUCK HIM DOWN SAYS THAT YOU LIE! IT'S THE SAME KIND OF CUT WALTERS HAD ON HIS FACE-- WHEN I FOUND HIS BODY... AND...


IT WAS MADE BY YOUR RING. THAT PROVES YOU HAD BEEN ON WALTERS' YACHT SHORTLY BEFORE THE EXPLOSION, FOUGHT WITH HIM, STRUCK HIM DOWN!
TALK! AND TALK FAST!
ALL RIGHT...I BLEW UP THE YACHT! I OWED WALTERS A BIG GAMBLING DEBT, SO BIG I COULD NEVER PAY... I MADE MY PLANS TO GET RID OF HIM WHEN I SAW BENSON LEAVE HIS YACHT AND TOOK THE PICTURE!
WITH THAT YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD PIN THE EXPLOSION ON BENSON!
YES. THEN I SECRETLY BOARDED THE YACHT WITH THE TIME-BOMB. WALTERS CAUGHT ME, I STRUCK HIM DOWN, LOCKED HIM IN HIS CABIN, PLACED THE BOMB, AND LEFT...
AND SOON... THE MARCH OF CRIME!
THERE THEY GO! A MURDERER—AND A GANG OF CROOKED POLITICIANS TO PAY FOR THEIR CRIMES... YOU'RE A BRAVE WOMAN, MRS. MARSHALL, TO HAVE TAKEN ON THE MAYOR'S JOB IN THE FACE OF SUCH A CRIME RING!
I CAN THANK YOU, SUB-MARINER, THAT THE RING IS SMASHED... I HOPE YOU'LL PERMIT OUR CITY TO HONOR YOU—SAY, WITH A BANQUET?
NAMOR HAS HEARD ENOUGH!
NO SOCIAL FUNCTIONS, THANKS, NO... BUT IF YOU NEED ANY MORE HELP, CALL ON ME... SO LONG!
THAT'S NAMOR ALL OVER, YOUR HONOR. NO FUSS, NO FEATHERS, BUT WHAT A MAN!
THE END

Miss AMERICA

WHAT GHASTLY MENACE STALKS THE HAUNTED HALLS OF THIS THRIVING HOTEL, LEAVING A TRAIL OF MADNESS AND DEATH? EVEN *MISS AMERICA* FINDS HER VALIANT COURAGE TESTED, BATTLING "THE GHOUL OF THE 13TH FLOOR!"

MADELINE JOYCE COMES INTO THE CITY AND SEEKS A HOTEL FOR THE NIGHT...

THIS HOTEL LOOKS RUN DOWN -- BUT THE PLACE NEXT DOOR LOOKS NICE! I'LL TRY TO GET A ROOM THERE!

HOTEL

PLAZA HOTEL

WE'RE SO CROWDED -- BUT IF YOU'RE NOT SUPERSTITIOUS -- WE CAN PLACE YOU ON THE 13TH FLOOR!

I'LL TAKE IT!

SEVERAL OTHER GUESTS FOR THE 13TH FLOOR JOIN MADELINE IN THE ELEVATOR!
THIRTEEN PLEASE!
WELL, WHAT'S WRONG WITH 13?
THIRTEEN?
N-NOTHING--EXCEPT THAT A MAN WAS MURDERED ON THAT FLOOR! THEY SAY IT'S HAUNTED!
PLAZA HOTEL
BAH! OLD WIVES TALES!
I EXPECT A GOOD NIGHT'S REST!
BUT LATER, IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT, A GHASTLY FIGURE STALKS THE HAUNTED HALLS OF THE 13TH FLOOR!
SO THEY DEFY ME--THE GHOUL!
FIRST THIS ONE!
1313
IN THE NEXT ROOM, MADELINE IS SUDDENLY AWAKENED BY A BLOOD-CURDLING YELL THAT SHIVERS THE STILL AIR!
E-E-E-E-E! H-HELP!
HEAVENS! WHAT'S THAT?
2.

ON A FLASH, MADELINE CHANGES TO MISS AMERICA AND--

LOCKED! I'LL HAVE TO CRASH THRU!

1313

--A HORRIFYING SIGHT MEETS HER EYES!

NUMBER ONE! BUT THERE WILL BE OTHERS BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER!

YOU FIEND!

MISS AMERICA BRAVELY ATTACKS THE GHOULISH KILLER!

UG-H-H-H!

I'LL CRUSH YOU-- WHA-- YOU FLY??

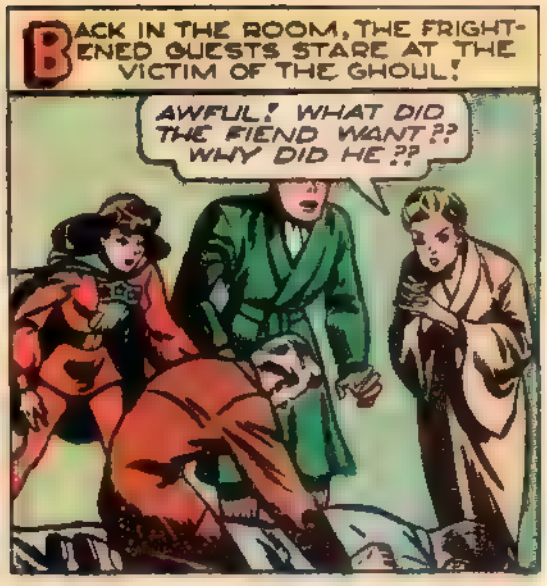
YES! AND HERE'S MY SPECIAL DIVE-BOMB DELIVERY!

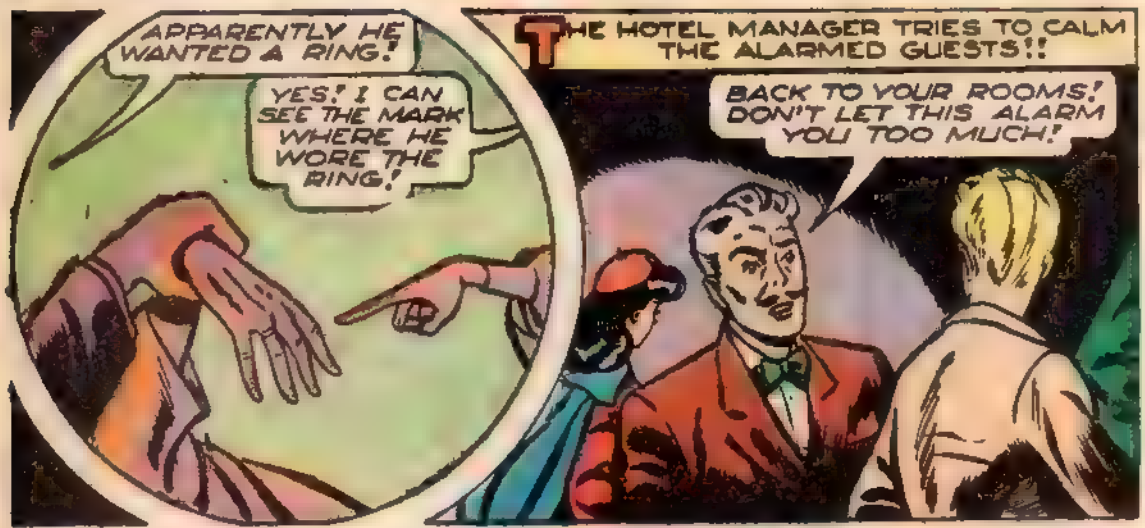
1313

THE GRUESOME KILLER DECIDES IT'S TIME TO DISAPPEAR!

I'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT KILLER!

NOT A SIGN OF HIM ANYWHERE! GUESS I'D BETTER GET BACK TO ROOM 1313!


BACK IN THE ROOM, THE FRIGHTENED GUESTS STARE AT THE VICTIM OF THE GHOUL!
AWFUL! WHAT DID THE FIEND WANT?? WHY DID HE??


APPARENTLY HE WANTED A RING!
YES! I CAN SEE THE MARK WHERE HE WORE THE RING!
THE HOTEL MANAGER TRIES TO CALM THE ALARMED GUESTS!!
BACK TO YOUR ROOMS! DON'T LET THIS ALARM YOU TOO MUCH!

MISS AMERICA! I BEG YOU TO STAND GUARD TONIGHT! ANOTHER INCIDENT AND MY GUESTS WILL LEAVE! I'LL BE RUINED!
ALL RIGHT, MR. NICHOLSON!

LATER--
WHO-- IS THE GHOUL? IS HE AFTER JEWELRY?
1352

AND SUDDENLY---
AAAAAAA! NO-NO-HELP!
SCREAMS FROM 1311 ON THE OTHER SIDE! THE WINDOW WILL BE FASTER!

THIS TIME THE KILLER FLINGS HIS VICTIM FROM THE WINDOW!

DOWN YOU GO!

EEEEEEEEEE!

STOP!

BUT MISS AMERICA QUICKLY DIVES DOWNWARD AND---

OHH! MISS AMERICA!

ZOOME

MY DIAMOND RING!! IT'S GONE!

SO HE IS AFTER JEWELRY!

BUT LUCKY YOU LOST YOUR RING AND NOT YOUR LIFE!

BUT NOW THE WHOLE HOTEL IS AROUSED AND GUESTS ARE LEAVING IN PANIC!

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME!

I WON'T STAY!

WAIT--DON'T GO!

HALF MY GUESTS ARE GONE! I'M RUINED! AND THAT GHOUL IS STILL AT LARGE--ON THE 13TH FLOOR!

I'M GOING BACK UP THERE!

SINCE NO ONE IS LEFT HERE ON THE 13TH FLOOR, THE GHOUL MIGHT STRIKE ON OTHER FLOORS! BUT-- WAIT-- THERE IS ONE GUEST LEFT--!
AND MISS AMERICA CHANGES BACK TO MADELINE--AND WAITS!
--I'M LEFT--AS MADELINE I'M TAKING A BIG RISK! I HOPE HE COMES BY AND SEES THIS RING!
WHA--? A GIRL DEFIES ME? AH- A SPARKLING RING!
THE GHOUL! OHHHH!
BUT MADELINE'S HAND FLASHES UP AND THE ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS--!
CLICK
IDIOT GIRL! I WORK IN DARKNESS AS WELL AS LIGHT! AH--- I HAVE YOU!
BUT IN THE DARKNESS --- MADELINE MAKES A QUICK CHANGE TO MISS AMERICA!
YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ME-- --MISS AMERICA!
WHAM!
THE KILLER SUDDENLY PLUNGES FROM THE WINDOW--
IS HE DE-LIBERATELY CHOOSING DEATH?
NO! HE JUST LEAPED ACROSS TO THE NEXT BUILDING--TO THE CROWN HOTEL--THAT'S STRANGE!!

MISS AMERICA DASHES TO THE HOTEL NEXT DOOR!

MR. CROWN? ONE OF YOUR GUESTS IS A KILLER AND A JEWEL THIEF!

KILLER? THIEF? IT COULD BE THE MAN IN NUMBER 25!

MR CROWN

HE LOOKS LIKE A GANGSTER TO ME!

IT MIGHT BE THE GHOUL!

28

AH, PACKING UP TO ESCAPE, I SEE, YOU KILLER!

WHA--I'M NO KILLER!

THEN HOW CAN YOU EXPLAIN THIS COSTUME OF THE KILLER AND THOSE STOLEN RINGS?

I'M INNOCENT! IT'S A FRAME-UP!

LIES! ALL LIES! TRYING TO GIVE MY HOTEL A BAD NAME!

THANKS, MR. CROWN--- I HAVE THE KILLER NOW!

--YOU, MR. CROWN!

AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE----

JOSHUA CROWN! MY RIVAL IN THE HOTEL BUSINESS! HE'S THE GHOUL???

YES! HIS RUN-DOWN HOTEL WAS LOSING BUSINESS AND BEING JEALOUS, HE PLAYED THE PART OF THE GHOUL! HE TRIED TO SCARE GUESTS AWAY FROM YOUR HOTEL! THESE RINGS GAVE HIM AWAY!

HE PLANTED THEM IN THIS MANS' ROOM SO HE'D BE ACCUSED OF THE CRIMES! BUT HE FORGOT THAT DURING OUR FIGHT IN THE DARK, MY RING MARKED HIM AS THE GHOUL!

THE END

DESERT BANDIT

THERE is a section of the world where trains, boats and planes are never used in transportation. Here, ships of the desert are used . . . camels, bearing heavy burdens along the trade routes. Here, life is filled with danger and sudden death. Out of the dark shadows of sand dunes or desert palms ride the robed figures, preying on these rich caravans, carrying valuable jewels, hides and spices. One name especially struck terror in the hearts of the Arab traders . . . a silent, silk-robed figure whom no one knew by any other name but Ali. The village of his birth was a secret; no one knew his family. He was a true son of the desert, living with a few close friends in a small tent, pitched near an oasis. What Ali did with his loot was also a secret . . . that is, it was, until Bill Drummond met Ali under unusual circumstances and learned his story. Bill told me the story in New York, and I am passing it on to you.

. . . Bill Drummond was spending a few weeks in Cairo. It was here that he had heard of the attacks made on camel caravans crossing the broad expanses of the Sahara. Bill would not have wasted a second thought on the matter, if Joe Gibbs had not aroused his interest. Joe knew all the local gossip which was bandied about among the talkative natives of Egypt. He had heard about Ali and insisted on telling the story to Drummond, knowing how the latter sought for the bizarre and strange as subject matter for the articles of adventure he was always writing for American magazines.

"Okay," Bill said to Gibbs, "so this guy Ali raids caravans going across the Sahara. So he's a desert bandit. What's so unusual about that?"

Joe Gibbs smiled. "The interesting part of the whole affair is the character of Ali himself!"

But Bill was still unwilling to accept this suggestion for a possible story.

"So Ali is a guy with cut-throat tendencies and no respect for his fellow men. Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"Ah, now you shall hear," Joe replied. "That's just my point. Ali *is* a desert bandit; he *is* a cut-throat, a killer. Yet, he is never spoken of in bad terms by those he has robbed, because they fear him! Ali is said to be a son of the greatest Sheikh who ever ruled a tribe of the desert. But no one has proven the truth of this claim! Ali is generally spoken of in reverence, although he is a killer!"

Drummond began to show signs of interest at last!

"A desert bandit, spoken of with respect by those whom he robs? But why?"

Joe was ready with an answer. "It is said that Ali is building up a huge fortune, so that some day he will be rich and powerful. Then he is going to unite all the desert tribes under his iron leadership and rule the entire Sahara!"

That was all Bill needed. Now he knew that Ali was story-material, and he decided to get started at once. He knew he must gain access to the Sheikh's hideout on the Sahara, and that *was* a problem. Bill decided to consult his favorite dragoman. This Egyptian knew just about everything that happened in this strange land. Drummond found "Sam" waiting for him near the door to his apartment.

"I greet you, Master Drummond. Maybe I take you to Bazaar today? Buy perfumes, silverware, rugs?"

Bill smiled and told Sam he was not in the mood for shopping. He knew Sam would regret this, because the canny Egyptian got a cut on whatever tourist-trade he brought to the shops in the native Bazaar section.

Bill led the way to his small, furnished apartment and offered Sam a cigarette. This usually put the latter in an expansive frame of mind. An American cigarette did wonders to Sam's disposition!

"Sam, I need some information, and I think you can give it to me. I'll repay you well, of course!"

"I am at your service, Effendi," Sam replied.

Bill hesitated a moment; then spoke bluntly:

"I want to meet Ali, the desert bandit!"

Bill had expected Sam to turn a few different colors at least, and to shake his body in some weird contortions of surprise and excitement. He was not disappointed. Clearly Sam had not expected such a request!

"This is not a simple thing to do, Effendi," he said. "Sam was once one of the afflicted traders who has suffered by Ali's cruelty. I am in his bad graces . . . and yet, I will be happy to take you to him!"

Bill was dumbfounded. "You mean you have actually seen this Ali? You have talked to him?"

"Yes, Master Drummond . . . I lost a fortune on the trade routes . . . robbed by this wild son of the desert He is really an ill-mannered man! When do you wish to start? He lives many days journey into the forbidden dunes of the desert."

Bill managed a weak smile. He wasn't too sure he was doing a wise thing. After all, this Ali was a tough customer! But what a terrific story he could write if he could meet the colorful desert bandit!

"We'll leave tomorrow, Sam," he said.

So, the following day, Drummond and his friendly dragoman attached themselves to a camel caravan-train which was headed southwest from the borders of Egypt into the desert. They had flown to this border town from Cairo that morning.

Early the next morning, the natives started their trek, with their camels loaded down with produce, silver and valuable hides, to be exchanged for the dates, figs, spices and fine embroidery of the people of the desert.

The same slow progress was made for several days. But, one day, as the caravan stopped near a grove of palm trees to replenish their water supply in the spring there, the greatly-feared attack took place!

From out of the west came a yelling, shrieking horde of wild horsemen. Drummond and Sam had no intention of standing by and becoming the easy victims of Ali and his henchmen! From a field-pack, Bill withdrew two revolvers and several loaded clips. He slipped one gun to Sam.

"Okay, my boy . . . show me what you can do with this. You've got plenty of clay-pigeons to choose from!"

Sam needed no further encouragement. He started to blaze away, with Bill accompanying him shot for shot. Ali's men were armed with daggers and pikes only. It was all they had needed in the past. Now they began to fall from their horses as a swift staccato of gunshots rent the desert air.

And then came the climax of the battle. Ali himself, a huge, rough-bearded Arab with scowling face, and wearing a turban and cloak of odd design, spurred on his white horse and headed straight for Drummond. Ali was close now, about to run Bill down, and he held a heavy pike aloft, ready to strike!

But at that very moment, a single shot rang out, the last one of this horrifying fight. Ali seemed to crumple as he fell from his horse. Bill stepped aside as the riderless animal sped past him. A red blotch spread over Ali's turban. He had been shot squarely in the center of his forehead! A whisp of smoke arose from the barrel of Sam's gun. It was he who had put an end to the infamous career of Ali, the desert bandit. The other bandits who were still alive were set upon by the natives, who no longer feared them, with their leader dead.

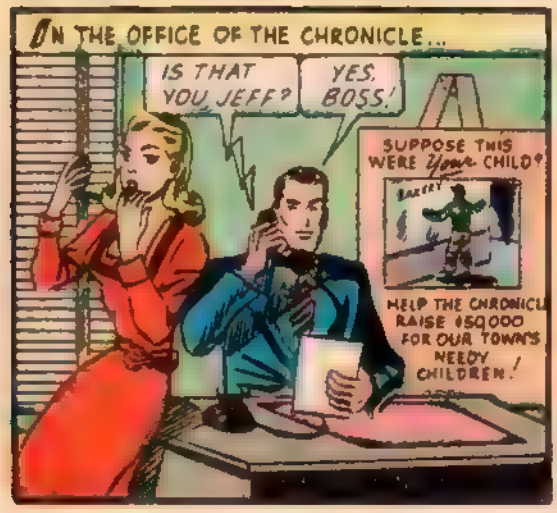
"I have repaid Ali for taking my fortune," was all Sam said.

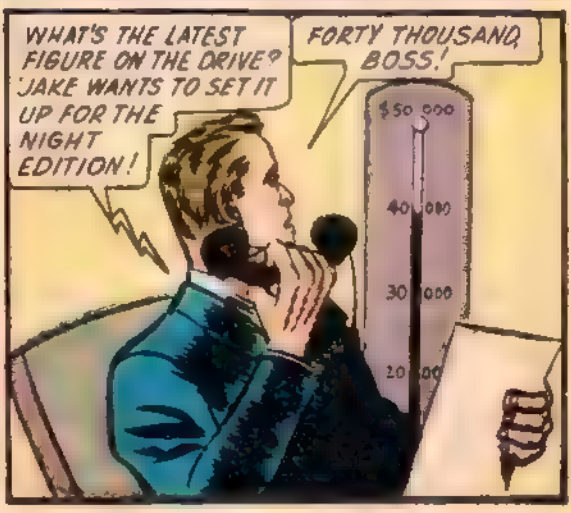
And so Bill Drummond got his story, in a more spectacular manner than he had bargained for! And Sam, the dragoman, is a celebrity in Egypt today, and wherever traders gather to tell tales, they speak of Sam and his daring encounter with the notorious desert bandit, and it is *his* name which is now spoken of in reverence.

And the caravans still plod across the Sahara, unmolested now by marauding bands of thieves.

THE END

THE PATRIOT
BANDY COLE IS A MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY WITH NO TIME FOR GOOD CAUSES BUT PLENTY OF TIME FOR PRACTICAL JOKES... HE GIVES A PARTY, AND THE PARTY HAS ITS GAGS, BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR BANDY THE JOKE IS ON HIM, BECAUSE A MOB OF SMART BOYS ALSO HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR AND THINKS UP THE CRAZIEST GAG OF THE PARTY. THE RESULT IS A TANGLED TRAIL THAT EVEN HAS THE PATRIOT GUESSING, AS HE TRIES TO SOLVE
"THE CASE OF THE GAGGING GANGSTERS"


IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHRONICLE...
IS THAT YOU, JEFF?
YES, BOSS!
SUPPOSE THIS WERE Your CHILD?
HELP THE CHRONICLE RAISE $50,000 FOR OUR TOWN'S NEEDY CHILDREN!


WHAT'S THE LATEST FIGURE ON THE DRIVE? JAKE WANTS TO SET IT UP FOR THE NIGHT EDITION!
FORTY THOUSAND, BOSS!
$50,000
40,000
30,000
20,000

GOSH! TEN THOUSAND TO GO AND THE DRIVE ENDS TOMORROW NIGHT! AREN'T THERE ANY MORE MILLIONAIRES TO GO TO FOR THAT MONEY?

I'VE COLLECTED FROM THEM ALL, MARY! THERE'S NARY A ONE LEFT!

HOW ABOUT THAT PLAYFUL PLAYBOY, BANDY COLE? HAVE YOU TRIED HIM?

BY GOLLY! I CLEAN FORGOT! I'LL PHONE HIM NOW! OPERATOR...

HELLO, MR COLE? THIS IS JEFF MACE OF THE CHRONICLE. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE OPPORTUNITY OF CONTRIBUTING TO A VERY WORTHY CAUSE..OUR FUND FOR NEEDY CHILDREN!

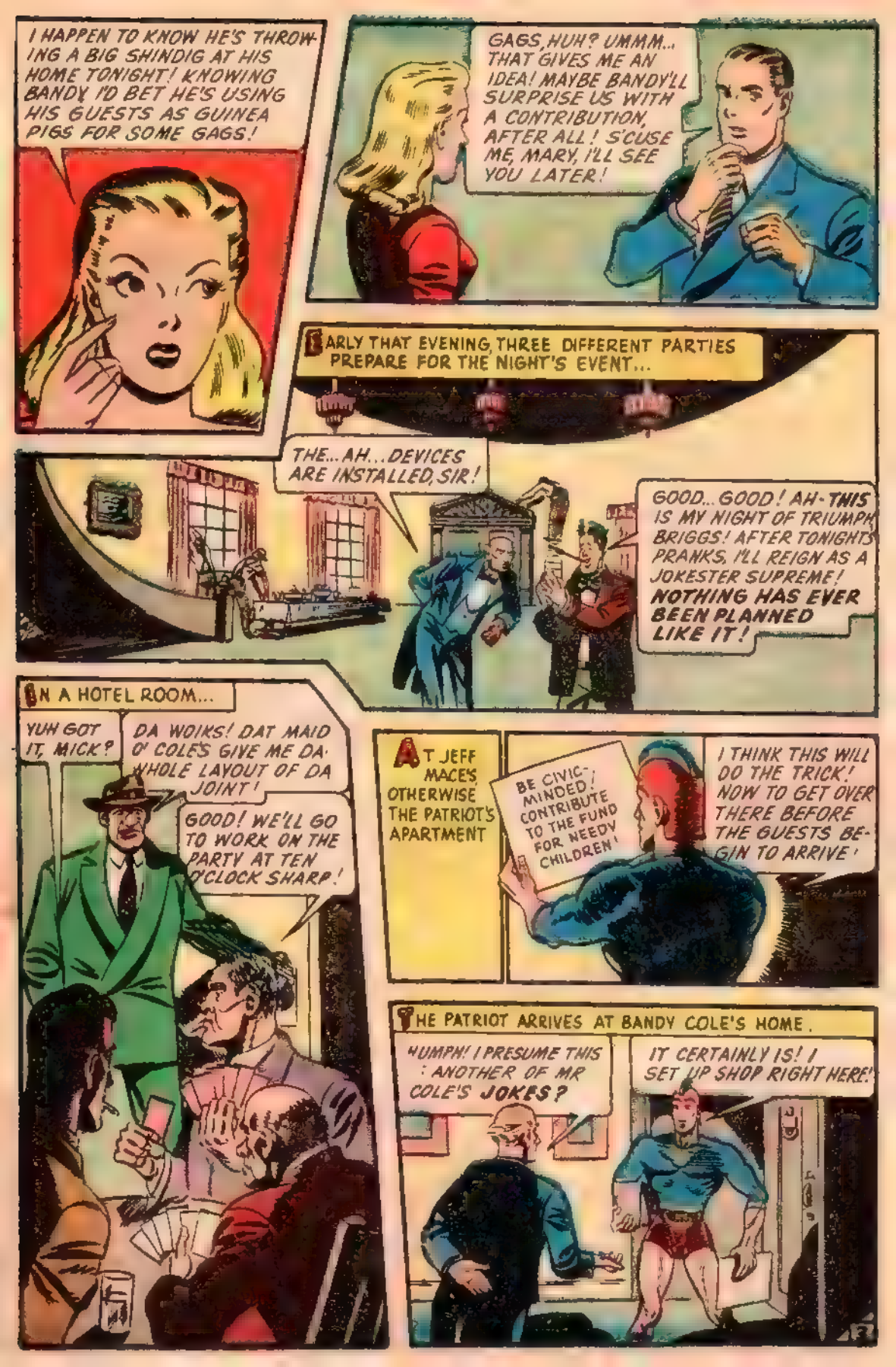
NOT NOW, MACE...I'VE NO TIME FOR THAT SORT OF STUFF. I'M A VERY BUSY MAN!

NOW LOOK HERE, MR. COLE! YOU'RE A VERY WEALTHY MAN AND AS SUCH, HAVE A DEFINITE OBLIGATION TO THE COMMUN... WHY, THAT YOUNG PIPSQUEAK, HE HUNG UP ON ME!

CLICK!

NO DICE, HUH! WHAT EXCUSE DID HE GIVE YOU?

SOME BUNK ABOUT BEING BUSY! BUSY DREAMING UP ONE OF HIS FAMOUS PRACTICAL JOKES, PROBABLY!


I HAPPEN TO KNOW HE'S THROWING A BIG SHINDIG AT HIS HOME TONIGHT! KNOWING BANDY, I'D BET HE'S USING HIS GUESTS AS GUINEA PIGS FOR SOME GAGS!
GAGS, HUH? UMMM... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! MAYBE BANDY'LL SURPRISE US WITH A CONTRIBUTION, AFTER ALL! S'CUSE ME, MARY, I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
EARLY THAT EVENING, THREE DIFFERENT PARTIES PREPARE FOR THE NIGHT'S EVENT...
THE... AH... DEVICES ARE INSTALLED, SIR!
GOOD... GOOD! AH- THIS IS MY NIGHT OF TRIUMPH, BRIGGS! AFTER TONIGHT'S PRANKS, I'LL REIGN AS A JOKESTER SUPREME! NOTHING HAS EVER BEEN PLANNED LIKE IT!
IN A HOTEL ROOM...
YUH GOT IT, MICK?
DA WOIKS! DAT MAID O' COLE'S GIVE ME DA WHOLE LAYOUT OF DA JOINT!
GOOD! WE'LL GO TO WORK ON THE PARTY AT TEN O'CLOCK SHARP!
AT JEFF MACE'S OTHERWISE THE PATRIOT'S APARTMENT
BE CIVIC-MINDED! CONTRIBUTE TO THE FUND FOR NEEDY CHILDREN!
I THINK THIS WILL DO THE TRICK! NOW TO GET OVER THERE BEFORE THE GUESTS BEGIN TO ARRIVE!
THE PATRIOT ARRIVES AT BANDY COLE'S HOME.
HUMPH! I PRESUME THIS : ANOTHER OF MR COLE'S JOKES?
IT CERTAINLY IS! I SET UP SHOP RIGHT HERE!

THE GUESTS BEGIN TO ARRIVE, AND THE PATRIOT'S FUND-RAISING DRIVE IS AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS..

HA! HA! ISN'T THIS JUST LIKE BANDY, DRESSING SOMEONE UP AS THE PATRIOT, COLLECTING AN ENTRANCE FEE?

IT'S SO DROLL OF HIM. YES, INDEED, SO DROLL! TEE HEE... HEE!

WHILE INSIDE, THE PARTY GOES INTO FULL SWING...

THIS CAKE LOOKS WONDER. OOOHH!

SURPRISE! HEE. HEE, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? HA! HA! HA!

EXTREMELY FUNNY! BUT NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO LAUGH!

WHA ?

DAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS! HOIST 'EM HIGH! DIS IS A STICK-UP!

BANDY! IS THIS ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR JOKES?

THE PATRIOT WITNESSES THE SCENE FROM THE HALL ARCHWAY...

GOSH, I'LL NEVER COLLECT TEN THOUSAND THIS WAY! I'LL...OH! OH! THAT ISN'T ONE OF BANDY'S JOKES! IT'S A REAL STICK-UP!

IT'S DA PATRIOT!

HI, MUGS! I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN AND JOIN THE PARTY!

JUMP 'IM, BOYS!

COME ON, YOU HOWLING WOLVES! THE PATRIOT'S GOING TO... OOPH!

SMACK!

THAT'S THE STUFF, DOC! FINISH 'IM, BOYS!

WIT' PLEASURE!
WRAP UP THE DOUGH, AND LETS SCRAM!
STUNNED BY THE HEAVY BLOW, THE PATRIOT RECOVERS TOO LATE TO CATCH THE THUGS...
OHHHHH! WHAT A JOLT! HUH? WHAT GOES ON HERE?
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR JOKES, BANDY! GIVE US BACK OUR MONEY!
BUT I SWEAR TO YOU! THAT WASN'T A JOKE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE LIBRARY OF THE MANSION...
IF THAT MONEY ISN'T RECOVERED AND MY GUESTS CONVINCED THE ROBBERY WASN'T A JOKE, I WON'T HAVE A FRIEND LEFT!
THEY'LL GET THEIR MONEY! I'VE GOT A SCORE OF MY OWN TO SETTLE WITH THOSE THUGS!
LATER..THE PICTURE MORGUE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
AH! HERE HE IS! WHITEY BLAKE... HMMM.. AGE, CONVICTIONS... AH! PRESENT ADDRESS... 605 DEAN STREET, CITY. I'LL PAY DEAN STREET AND WHITEY BLAKE A SURPRISE VISIT!
LATER, IN WHITEY'S APARTMENT, THE MOB IS DIVIDING THE LOOT FROM THE COLE ROBBERY...
HOT DOG! DIS IS REAL DOUGH!
HERE'S YOUR SHARE, BEAKER. DOC, THIS IS YOURS.. MICK'S GOT HIS, AND THIS IS...
THE PATRIOT'S!
YOU!!!

NONE OTHER BUT! SURPRISED TO SEE ME, I'LL BET!

UGH!

OOF!

A BRIEF BUT ACTIVE FEW MINUTES LATER..

COLE'S GUESTS WILL GET THEIR MONEY, THE SHERIFF WILL GET FOUR NEW BOARDERS, AND YOU'LL PROBABLY GET TEN YEARS! **IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?**

WHAT **D'YOU** THINK?

AFTER THE POLICE ARRIVE TO TAKE OVER, THE PATRIOT RETURNS TO THE COLE MANSION...

THERE YOU ARE, BANDY! EVERY CENT THAT WAS TAKEN IN THE ROBBERY IS RIGHT HERE!

GOSH, THANKS, PATRIOT! WHAT A TERRIBLE FEW HOURS I'VE PUT IN SINCE THE ROBBERY! MY GUESTS HAVE HIRED LAWYERS TO SUE ME!

WAIT! DON'T GO, PATRIOT! I FEEL THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO TO SHOW MY APPRECIATION!

THERE **IS!** CALL THE CHRONICLE AND TELL THEM YOU'VE RECONSIDERED YOUR REFUSAL TO CONTRIBUTE TO THEIR CHILDREN'S FUND. THAT'S ALL THE THANKS I WANT!

LATER -

JEFF, GUESS WHAT? BANDY COLE JUST PHONED IN AND SAID HE'D CONTRIBUTE TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO OUR FUND! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?

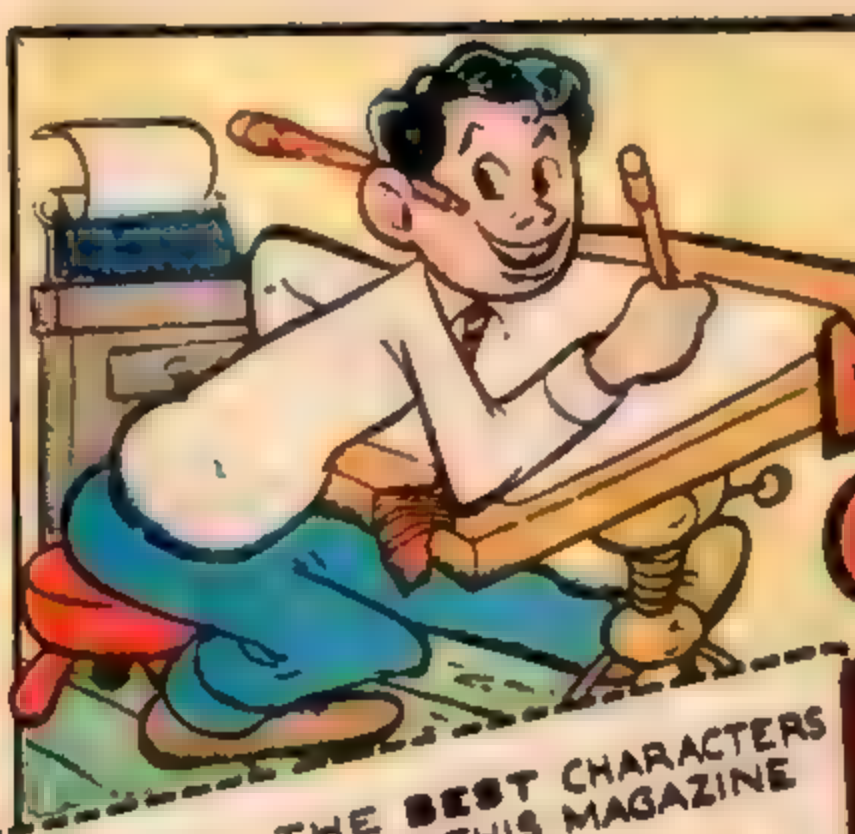
IT CERTAINLY **IS!** THE DRIVE WILL END WITH TEN THOUSAND EXTRA! THAT WILL BUY A LOT OF THINGS FOR A LOT OF NEEDY KIDS!

JEFF MACE

BY THE WAY, JEFF DID **YOU** HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH BANDY'S SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART?

DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT IT, MARY... BUT I'VE A HUNCH THAT A GUY CALLED THE PATRIOT, **DOES!**

THE END

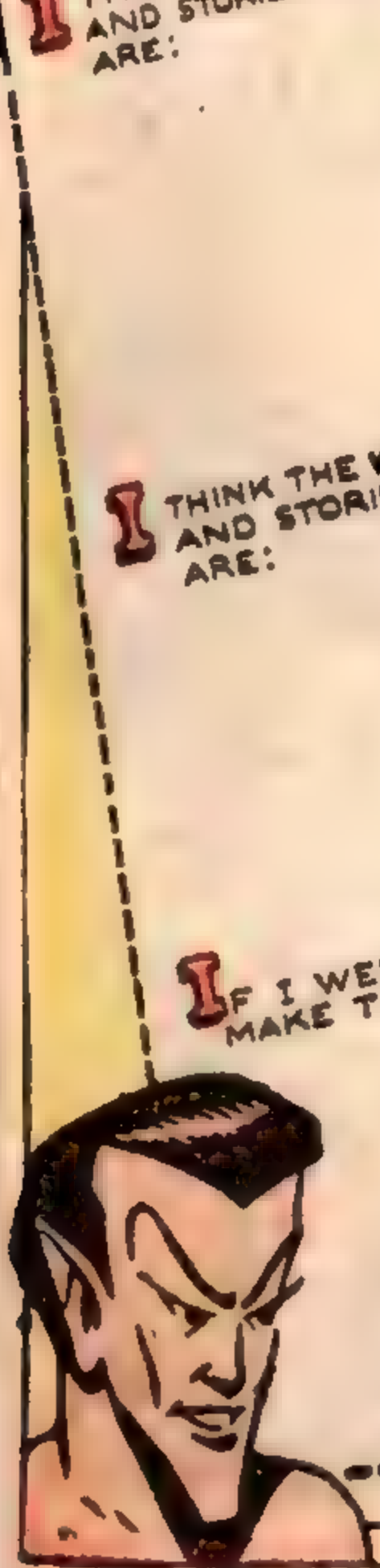


NOW YOU CAN BE THE EDITOR!

I THINK THE **BEST** CHARACTERS AND STORIES IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE:

I THINK THE **WORST** CHARACTERS AND STORIES IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE:

IF I WERE THE **EDITOR**, I WOULD MAKE THE FOLLOWING CHANGES:



KIDS, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO BE EDITOR OF THIS MAGAZINE! FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW AND MAIL IT **TODAY!** THEN YOU WILL GET MORE OF YOUR FAVORITE STORIES AND LESS OF THOSE YOU DON'T LIKE!

BIG PRIZES

IF YOU SEND IN ONE OF THE **50 NEATEST** AND **MOST INTERESTING** COUPONS THE PUBLISHERS OF **MARVEL COMICS** WILL SEND YOU A **CRISP NEW ONE DOLLAR BILL**

SO FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TODAY TO:
STAN LEE ROOM 1407
350 5TH AVE.
NEW YORK (1) NEW YORK
DEPT. MA-73

THE ANGEL

"HE'S INNOCENT!" CRIED THE SUSPECT'S SISTER. "GUILTY!" SHOUTED THE LAW. "WE'VE GOT ENOUGH CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE TO CONVICT HIM OF **MURDER!** THE **ANGEL** IN ONE OF HIS MOST BRILLIANT AND EXCITING SLEUTHING ROLES TO DATE CRASHES IN AND SOLVES THE BAFFLING RIDDLE OF-----

"THE MISSING WEAPON!"

A STRANGER APPROACHES JIMMY FISK AS HE SELLS HIS PAPERS AFTER SCHOOL··
PAPER, MISTER?
SURE, THANKS! SAY, YOU LOOK LIKE A SMART KID! MMMM! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE SOME REAL DOUGH? GO TO SCHOOL!
YES I GO TO SCHOOL! AND GOSH, MISTER. I SURE WOULD LIKE TO MAKE SOME MONEY SO THAT··
GOOD! I'M GLAD YOU'RE AMBITIOUS SELLING PAPERS IS CHICKEN FEED! MEET ME HERE AT 7 TO-NIGHT AND I'LL··
THAT NIGHT·· HOURS LATER..
NOW ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, JIMMY, IS WHISTLE REAL LOUD IF ANYBODY COMES SNOOPING WHILE I'M INSIDE. JUST STAND HERE.'
GOLLY, DAN, THIS IS EASY WORK. EASIER THAN SELLING PAPERS'
WAREHOUSE
INSIDE THE NYLON WAREHOUSE··
THE KID THINKS I'M A GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR! TOM SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE TO HELP LOAD THE TRUCK!
WHO'S THERE??
UH HUH! HERE COMES TROUBLE. HAD CLEAR SAILING UP TILL NOW!
NYLON
THE GUARD DISCOVERS THE CULPRIT AND··
I'LL SHOOT YOU BEFORE I LET YOU GET AWAY WITH THAT NYLON·· HEY!
WHO'LL SHOOT WHO? LET GO OF THAT GUN!
STRONG GUY, AREN'T YOU?
UGH!
DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES··

WHILE OUTSIDE

GOLLY! THAT SOUNDED LIKE A GUNSHOT! MAYBE THEY SHOT DAN! I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

THAT LOOKS LIKE THE GUNMAN HE'S RUNNING OUT OF THE WAREHOUSE!

WAR

BANG

THE TERRIFIED BOY PROTESTS HIS INNOCENCE BUT--

I TELL YOU I DIDN'T FIRE THAT SHOT··· WHY··WHY·· I··

NEVER MIND THESE ALIBIS! I SAW YOU RUNNING OUT OF THE WAREHOUSE! TELL YOUR STORY TO THE JURY!

WAR

LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE GUN?

I NEVER HAD A GUN!

WHY DID YOU KILL THE GUARD?

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT TO DO WITH THE NYLONS? SELL THEM ON THE BLACK MARKET?

IF YOU DIDN'T DO THE ACTUAL SHOOTING-- WHO DID? WHO'S YOUR ACCOMPLICE!

LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY, PLEASE! I SWEAR IT IS THE TRUTH! I SWEAR IT!

THIS FELLOW DAN- I DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS LAST NAME-- ASKED ME IF I WANTED TO MAKE SOME EASY DOUGH IN A HURRY. I MET HIM ON THE CORNER ···WE WENT TO HIS HOUSE AND HE INTRODUCED ME TO HIS FRIEND. I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE BAD.. I ONLY THOUGHT OF MY SISTER! SHE WORKS SO HARD AND..

THE ANGEL IS A SYMPATHETIC LISTENER--

GO ON, JIMMY! JUST TELL THE TRUTH!

I NEVER FELT RIGHT HAVING MY SISTER SUPPORT ME AND WANTED TO DO SOMETHING TO MAKE A LOT OF MONEY SO THAT SHE COULD HAVE ALL THE PRETTY THINGS!

SO YOU KILLED AN INNOCENT MAN TO BUY PRETTY THINGS FOR YOUR SISTER, EH? LOCK HIM UP, SERGEANT! MAYBE HE'LL TELL US THE **TRUTH** AFTER HE'S COOLED OFF A LITTLE!

HAVING TALKED TO JIMMY IN HIS CELL, **THE ANGEL** TAKES A DEEP INTEREST IN THE BOY'S PLIGHT AND DECIDES TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY! HIS FIRST STEP IS...

AS JIMMY'S SISTER YOU MUST KNOW IF THE BOY EVER DISPLAYED CRIMINAL TENDENCIES...

OH, NO! JIMMY'S A FINE BOY... A GOOD BOY! WHY HE NEVER EVEN HELD A GUN IN HIS HAND! HE'D NEVER KILL!

YES, I BELIEVE JIMMY IS INNOCENT, TOO! BUT WE'VE GOT TO PROVE IT! CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IS AGAINST HIM AND...

PLEASE LET ME HELP YOU CLEAR JIM'S NAME, PLEASE. HE WAS SO HAPPY WHEN HE LEFT THE HOUSE! SAID HE WAS THE BIG BROTHER!

AT THE CRIMSON SCENE.. SEARCHING FOR CLUES..

COME HERE, MARY! I HAVEN'T FOUND THE MUCH-NEEDED GUN, BUT HERE'S AN IMPORTANT CLUE.. A SHINING CLUE!

WILL IT CLEAR MY LITTLE BROTHER'S NAME?

I'M AFRAID NOT, GIRL! BUT IT SUBSTANTIATES PART OF JIM'S STORY ABOUT A FLASHILY-DRESSED MAN! THIS DIAMOND FELL OUT OF THE KILLER'S STICK!

THEN YOU STILL NEED THE GUN?

THE **ANGEL** CALLS ON THE SUSPECT..

GO AWAY, MISTER! I'VE ALREADY BEEN QUESTIONED BY THE COPS AND THEY APOLOGIZED! THE KID'S CRAZY TO SAY I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT MURDER!

IF YOU ARE INNOCENT YOU SHOULDN'T MIND A FEW MORE QUESTIONS! FOR INSTANCE, WHERE DID YOU GET THE SCRATCH AND SWOLLEN KNUCKLES?

WHO ARE YOU? YOU'RE NOT THE LAW.. SO GET OUT! YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME, CURLY LOCKS! YOU CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON ME! GET OUT BEFORE I PIN YOUR EARS BACK!

NOT SO FAST, KILLER! I SEE YOU HAVE A YEN FOR DIAMONDS, AND...

THIS WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO GO AROUND ACCUSING PEOPLE OF MURDER!

SUDDENLY

UGH

THE ANGEL!

WITH STARTLING SWIFTNESS THE SLEUTH EMERGES AS THE ANGEL!

OBSERVANT, AREN'T YOU?

I'LL KEEP THIS UP UNTIL I GET EVIDENCE TO CLEAR THAT BOY!

DON'T.. STOP! I NEVER SAW THAT KID!

A DOOR SILENTLY OPENS AND A MENACING FIGURE STUDIES THE SITUATION!

HAD ENOUGH? READY TO TALK?

YOU STARTED THIS FIGHT.. BUT I'LL FINISH IT OFF! NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU DID WITH THE GUN!

ARRRPH! LET GO!

THEN

THIS WILL FIX YOU, FRIEND-

WHA--?

STUNNED BY THE VICIOUS BLOW, THE ANGEL IS AT A DISADVANTAGE AS...

HAPPY LANDING!

YOU WERE JUST IN TIME, TOM! BOY I SURE THOUGHT MY GOOSE WAS COOKED!

SECONDS LATER, THE ANGEL LIES UNCONSCIOUS...

MEANWHILE..

I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THE ANGEL? I'M WORRIED! HE SAID HE'D BE HERE HALF HOUR AGO! MAYBE HE WENT TO SEE JIMMY IN JAIL AFTER TALKING TO THAT DAN! I'D BETTER GO...

AT THE JAIL

AW NOW SIS! DON'T WORRY! **THE ANGEL** WILL SHOW UP SOON AND PROVE I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE KILLING! PLEASE, SIS!

I.. KNOW YOU'RE INNOCENT, JIM! BUT THEY'LL SEND YOU TO JAIL! MAYBE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR IF WE DON'T FIND THE GUN!

MINUTES LATER, THE HOMICIDE CHIEF'S OFFICE..

WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO YOU TO KNOW WHAT CALIBER BULLET KILLED THE GUARD? WE'VE GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED TO CONVICT YOUR BROTHER...

BUT, CAPTAIN, I **KNOW** HE'S INNOCENT! PLEASE TELL ME .. IT.. IT WILL BE EASIER!

WELL, ALL RIGHT... I'LL TELL YOU. OUR BALLISTICS EXPERT, DONOVAN SAYS THE BULLET THAT KILLED THE GUARD CAME FROM A 45 CALIBER GUN..

RACING TO THE SUSPECT'S HOME WHERE SHE KNEW **THE ANGEL** WAS HEADED, MARY FINDS THE HOUSE DESERTED, AND...

OH, ANGEL! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! WHA... WHAT HAPPENED?

THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW! **OOOH!** MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A SORE BOIL!

I'M GOING TO SEARCH THE HOUSE AND SEE IF I CAN FIND THE STICKPIN WITH THE MISSING DIAMOND! HE DOESN'T KNOW I HAVE IT! YOU WAIT IN THE GARAGE, MARY!

MAYBE YOU'LL FIND THE GUN TOO!

THE ANGEL'S HUNCH BEARS FRUIT..

ONE OF THE MISSING LINKS! FINDING THE STICK-PIN WITHOUT THE DIAMOND PROVES THIS BIRD WAS AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME! NOW TO FIND THE GUN AND-

WAT DOWN-STAIRS, TOM! I'LL PACK A BAG AND WE'LL GO PICK UP THAT GUN!

WISH I HAD A DICTAPHONE TO RECORD THAT CONFESSION!

WHA·· THE·· THE ANGEL! YOU SNOOPING FOOL·· I'LL ···

YOU'LL DO WHAT, KILLER!

ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE, THE KILLER'S ACCOMPLICE DASHES INTO THE ROOM...

HELP!

SEE IF YOU CAN STOP THIS!

I'LL STOP HIM, DAN!

HOLD HIM, DAN!

HE'LL BE OUT IN A JIFFY!

YOU'VE GOT MY FATE ALL PLANNED, I SEE!

THIS IS JUST FOR GOOD LUCK! OUR GOOD LUCK!

COME ON, TOM, WE CAN'T WASTE TIME!

OW·· I'LL PRETEND I'M KNOCKED OUT! THEN I'LL FOLLOW THEM··

THEY'LL NEVER PIN THAT MURDER ON ME AFTER I BURY THAT GUN, TOM!

I'M NOT SCARED NOW, ANGEL!

THOUGHT I DESERTED YOU? YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE GARAGE, MARY! THERE WILL BE SOME ROUGH PLAY!

THE CAR COMES TO A HALT ON A DARK DESERTED HIGHWAY--
THE MAGNATE'S PULLING UP THE GUN!
AND BURY IT GOOD THIS TIME!
THE ANGEL SPRINGS INTO ACTION!
YOU HERE-- AGAIN!
RUN FOR THE GUN, MARY!
EEEOW
YOUR FRIEND IS SEEING STARS! HIS HEAD HIT A ROCK--SO YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN--
YOU'VE GOT ME--- YOU--I'LL TALK--
I FOUND IT--- I FOUND IT! I'VE GOT THE GUN!
GO TO WORK, MARY! WE'VE GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED TO CLEAR YOUR BROTHER AND CONVICT THESE TWO MONSTERS!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ...
YOU'VE GOT NOTHIN' ON ME! I WASN'T EVEN NEAR THAT JOB!
YOU LYING CROOK! YOU CASED THE JOB!
DON'T WORRY, DAN. YOUR PARTNER WILL KEEP YOU COMPANY IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
THE LAW WILL SEE TO IT, ANGEL!
AS THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL MOVES WITH SILENT STRENGTH.
HE DID IT, SIS! HE CLEARED MY NAME! I'M FREE!
WE CAN NEVER THANK HIM ENOUGH! BUT WHERE IS THE ANGEL!
HE WAS HERE A SECOND AGO!
THE END

"MARY JANE CAN'T QUALIFY UNTIL THE OTHER GALS GET FLORESS, THE NEW FLUORESCENT LIPSTICK, TOO!"

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